



A N E L E G Y

On the much Lamented Death of
Sr. B ARTHOLOMEW SHOWER Knight,

Late famous Councelor at Law, and one of the late Members of
 Parliament; who departed this Life at his House in the *Inner-
 Temple-Lane*, on *Thursday* the 4th of *December* 1701, in the
 40th Year of his Age. *6. Decemb. 1701*

IF ever *England* Mourn'd for Man of Sence,
 The self same Cause doth now again Commence:
 If drops of Tears were ever Mortals due, (for you:
 Great **SHOWER**, whole streams, ought to be shed
 Old *Albion* is of such a Man bereft,
 As scarce behind him such a One is left.
 Bewail'd thou art, by all that understood,
 True *English* Safety, and their Country's Good.
 By all who stand up for a righteous Cause,
 By all that Love, our *English* Church and Laws:
 Some Men there are, but wicked Men they be,
 Who now rejoyce, this fatal Loss to see,
 Those who fresh Faction and new Strife contrive
 And could not do it while he was Alive;
 Perhaps again, their env'ous hopes renew,
 And base designs of Mischief fresh pursue;
 Now **HE** is gon, who like a solid Rock,
 Their furious Tides, and raving Billows broke,
 Those Men who never from reproach refrain,
 Will try in vain, this Great Man's Fame to stain;
 In spite of those my Muse her Voice shall raise,
 And tho' in Tears, will Sing his juster Praise:
 While black Mouth'd *Legions* strive to blast his Fame,
 Truth shall repeat his never Dying Name.
 When few durst, secret Knaves and Fools oppose,
 He boldly then *Impeach'd* the Nations Foes:
 To ill designing Men, a Check he gave;
 And scorn'd to fear, those who wou'd us Enslave;
 When in the noble Senate of our Land,
 He did a Pillar of his Country stand;
 None could his Zeal or Courage there abate,
 Against the underminers of our State;
 But bravely did our Church and Land defend,
 True Peace and Justice was his only end:
 Oppos'd the Votes of all the Factionous brood,
 And stoutly all their dark Intreigues withstood
 True to his Client, spar'd no Pains nor Care,
 Exceeding Wise, and Famous at the Bar,
 And would not Vote, for rash and hasty War.

He could from Fees, in an ill Cause abstain,
 And ne're was greedy of unlawful Gain;
 He boldly Spoke and always with Applause
 In true defence of *Englands* Peace and Laws:
 From his clear Fame dissolved Clouds shall throw,
 And leave the Earthly Vapours, all below
 Endow'd with best of Gifts kind Stars dispence,
 The greatest Lawyer, both for Wit and Sence.
 Not only Good but Beautiful and Fair,
 He liv'd belov'd, but Dy'd without an Heir,
 Grim Death first seiz'd him in the House of Prayer. }
 His vertuous Lady, tho' with modest Grace,
 Bedewes with brinish Tears her beautious Face:
 And well she may, at this great cause of Grief,
 Such fatal Loss, admits of no relief:
 Her pious Soul, doth her true Sorrow show,
 For her halt self, she's forced to forgo.
 But chear up Madam, for his better part,
 Now shines above, Bright as his great Desert:
 In Heaven he Tryumphs, while on Earth his Name
 Is Echo'd forth by the strong blast of Fame,
 The Gown's Chief Boast to after times he'll be,
 Ages to come shall read his History,
 And strive to Copy his deserved Praise
 For he is Worthy of Immortal Bays.

The E P I T A P H.

MOST famous Shower, here in the Dust is laid,
 Who when Alive, of none was er'e afraid:
 His Soul's enlarg'd, 'tis boundless, unconfin'd,
 He's left the jaring, factionous World behind.
 Approach his Grave, ye Loyal, Good and Just;
 But let no Whigish Fop disturb his Dust.
 Rich, Good, Belov'd, he Dy'd; and what is more,
 A Lawer, and gave Largely to the Poor:
 Thus is the World Exstinguish'd of a Light,
 The brightest Day, must look to have a Night.